FINE SPORT IN PURSUIT OF DUCKS WITH A STEAM LAUNCH.

The New Way of Disguising the Launch-Durks Very Pientiful Along the Sound-Pan-fried Buck Advice to Gunners, Where the old-time gunners or even those of witof three years ago were content to cower. men in sneak boxes and behind blinds.

modern gunner who can afford it harnesses steam to his gun stock, and takes his fun in a comfortable, and, when rightly handled, some more efficient manner. He shoots from Last week a party of three, or four counting

the Captain, steamed through Hell Gate in a fast, trim-looking, if something weather-beaten, stram launch, and headed down the Sound at a fair speed. The boat was fitted with a comfortthered in clothes. There was cold work and they were prepared for it, and if it ame too cold the warm cabin and the furnace fre were always within reach. It was about 4 as afternoon when the boat reached Ma-This was the starting point for the shooting oper, and as the tide was rapidly approaching water, the trip had been well timed. The launch was slowed down, and all hands helped out a long piece of canvas, which was sered over the bow and weighted along the eige so as to keep it just above the mean level of the water. The ends were then drawn aft canvas lined with asbestos was strapped in front of the short smokestack. The color of the canvas was the gray of a gull's wing, and the object of this was to make the boat as indistinct as possible by blending it with the water and sky line. The theory of the canvas was that the birds, not being accustomed to a boat of that color and seeing the thin smoge of the anthratown, and so approach nearer than they other wise would. The idea is not exactly new among the more scientific wildfowlers, and, it is said, was first introduced by that mighty wildfowler, Sir Ralph Payne Galwey, Bart., but it is somewhat new in these waters, where the surroundings of the sport are very different from those on the other side.

When all was ready the word was given to go shead, and under a full head of steam the fast boat turned round for the inlet between the main shore and Calf Island. In the foreground could be seen the former club house where Tweed and his party cut up high Jinks years ago, while at the back could be seen the trees fringing the bluff still called Put's Hill, to commemorate the daring scramble on horseback down its precipitous side by Gen. Putnam when surprised by the British troops and forced to fee for his life, half dressed, after attending the dance at Old Greenwich. The keenest fowler of the party lay in the bow with a pair of strong glasses at his eyes, and it was not long before he signalled five duck in the shallows behind a jutsignalled five duck in the shallows behind a jutting tongue of land just under a wooded bluff or small rise. They were about four hundred yards away. Every one crouched down with fingers inching, the fire was shut off, and only a thin semi-transparent trail of smoke and steam, growing momentarily less, issued from the function. The launch ran, silent as a ghost, by its momentum in a slightly oblique direction to where the duck were feeding. Ten seconds, twenty, forty; they raise their heads, but the guanets are wi, hin shot, and as they rise from the water like an inverted comma, two singles and three in a bunch, the launch runs almost under them, for they have not the wit to make landward, and down come two out of the three—petty good for three barrels when the speed of the launch be taken into consideration as well as the rising speed and differing directions of the birds. Black duck! Better game than this is looked for and found, for as the launch coasis up to Greenwich Point a trio of brant come screaming round right in the very faces of the gumers, so unexpectedly that only one is secured from four barrels. It is in fine condition and a beauty.

generally some right to the very faces of the general season that only one is secured from four barrels. It is in fine condition and a beauty.

Leaving the shore here, the launch cut across to Shippan Point, where there is a certain reeding by the shore here is a certain reeding of the shore is a shore in the shore and semetimes teal. It is believed by the old local general that these birds are migrating from the canada marshiands where the wild rice grows, and are striking south when overtaken by night, and so drop into this little haven. Be this as it may, the fact remains that morning or evening it is rarely if ever drawn blank, while in the daytime there is seldom a bird to be seen. It is part of the old estate of Lester Wallack, and there is generally some gumer hidden among the rushes. The place for the boat was therefore outside, with a view of striking the line of fight. Bang, bang went the shorean's gun as the launch lay off three or four hundred yards from the shore and immediately several dark specks appeared over the shore line and came spinning down toward the launch. Veering round a point or two, the gunners caught them at about eighty yards, and down came two mallard, the rest getting away. In about twenty minutes the shore gun was heard again, this time a single, and a solitary bird flew right over the boat to be dropped, and a fine bird something like a canvasback, but more likely a hybrid, was added to the bag. It was now getting very dim, so dim that the last bird looked like an eagle when in the air. The canvas was therefore drawn up and stowed, this operation being facilitated by backing the launch gently, and all being sang, the gunners ran for Bridgeport, and agoing up into the town for a good dimeter returned to the boat to sleep so as to be on hand at daybrask.

her, returned to the boas hand at daybreak. About 6 A. M. they turned out. The mer-cury was standing at 18°, the wind had gone round into the west, sweeping straight through the Sound from Hell Gate to Fisher's leland, the Sound from lell Gate to Fisher's leland round into the west, sweeping straight through the Sound from Hell Gate to Fisher's Island, and the general judgment was "there will be no fowl in the open water to-day; let's get a sharpie and run over to Matituck Creek, so as to get over the bar with the flush tide before high water." A boat was procured upon a deposit of \$5, and hauling it on to the deck, away the gunners went straight across the Sound, the light just strong enough to steer by. The wind came whistling down, keen as a knife. It took a rood two hours and a half to get to their destuation, and so the gunners had a good breakfast in the meanwhile, one of the Items being panfried duck, which the Captain recommended. It is good. Take the pan, get it very hot, drop ha spiece of sait pork, not bacon, mind; if no sait pork take butter, or at a pinch the fat of the gue, and let the grease which fries out come to a simmer. Just before it turns black give the pan a swirl and drop in the breast of the duck and let the grease which fries out come to a simmer. Just before it turns black give the pan a swirl and drop in the breast of the duck at into silices about as thick as one cuts roast beef; turn them quickly, practically just warm them through; ent them quickly. Then, if duck meat be scarce, take the thighs in two cuts made in gibn's and cook these in the same way. If there is plonty of meat do not bother about anything but the breast. Black ducks are a trife scay, but recheads and brant are delicious. Another tip: When out in the cold like this put the coffee into the pot and warm the powder well through hefore pouring on the boiling water. Coffee is like good Burgundy—a chili spais it—and this is especially the case in the cole, where of all places in the world good offee is at a premium and poor (or any) whiskey at a heavy discount.

The gunners struck a gaggle of geese of Roan-

as a premium and poor or any winkey sy discount. uncers struck a gaggle of geese off Roan-ott, and, getting well under them, dropped he six barrels, which removed the hoo-he adverse wind. Then leaving the boat (aprain, they climbed into the sharple, the six barrels, which removed the hoome aiverse wind. Then leaving the boat of Captain, they climbed into the sharple, I in four wire uprights about twenty high ran two or three rails of light wire all forth, hung these with frozen salt forth, hung these with frozen salt of sawed, and dropped over the little of the creek. This is shaped like a ballelower end being toward the Sound and eiling, pear-shaped end inland. It is a sector crabs in summer, and well known ors. Just where the sides bulge outward a haunted mill and a corduroy bridge of teatury, and it is just between this and the upper end of the creek that ek get when the wind from the west, or east howls down the Sound, was some years ago that a Mr. Thomp-New London and his brother came to he idea being to walk the edges and beat is. One of the two men shot four or five he idea being to walk the edges and beat is. One of the two men shot four or five he idea being to walk the edges and beat as wently lost in the hore, while he lay a pile of salt grass on the land. His found a boat at the upper end, and a cwant pole him around, and he came down about dusk with a hurdle in front salt. Seeing the ducks he blazed away and alled his brother's head with hiling him. It was supposed that the shalling him it was supposed that the shalling him to west fit or in the shall failen as leep and that he did not beat approaching.

It has passed into the straight water as of a coot was heard, and a minute whill not were drawed that the doar of a coot was heard, and a minute beat approaching. In the array of the inlet in two light of the at such useless game the spassed, like the Levite, on the other shall floating. But hanging bridge is larger pool. Skirting along bridge is larger pool. Skirting along bridge is larger pool. Skirting along bridge har four hours after entering a life of the minutes or so chistiert, and they betade five mailard, dine-wing test, two broad bills, and a party feel overboard into the ley Arriving the the attention, they touched, and the party f

cetting up a good turn of speed, ran down to them. When they were about three hundred yards from the flock some shore gunner fired at them on the off-chance of their winging to the shelter of Duck Pond Point, but they started for the Connecticut shore instead and the gunners in the launch met them teeth to teeth, and the way they rolled over six of them, and then went after three other crippies, making nine for six barrels at about sixty yards, was artistle. Then the launch steahed westward as long as the light lasted, and made Old Man's Harbor, near Mount Sinai, where it lay up for the night. The next day the wind moved again to the northwest, and it blew up cold, so the gunners crossed over to Shippan Point again, and got only four shots all day, and scored only one black duck. The party ran past Hell Gate about 3 P. M. with three black ducks, seven mailard dess three eaten, fifteen brant, one hybrid, three teal, two broad bills, one vellow leg, and a sharple, which is now boing settled for by mail.

The battery consisted of two closely choked twelve-bore guns for any cripples, two ten bores, and the eight-bore of the Britisher, a wonderful performer at a long shot, the keel being fitted with a rubber pad nearly three inches thick to catch the recoil. One shot at a brant must have been over 100 yards, and the bird came down spinning. There have been several articles of late in some of the city contemporaries of TRE SUN recommending the use of No. 7 shot for brant and ducks, and it is as well to say, therefore, that in the opinion of this particular party this is ridiculous. No. 4 or even No. 2 for brant is none too large, while No. 7 is useless, and would not stop one bird in a thousand at the range of average sea shooting, unless a lucky pellet hit the bird in the eye.

The clothes worn by the party were of a gray or drab tint, as near neutral as possible, and the entire cost of the outing for practically three days was \$18 each, a triffer more than good hotel accommodation, with pocket money added, for the

A SPORTSMAN WITH IDEAS.

Ernest Wolf Stepped from the Beaten Path and Got a Big Trout. Ernest Wolf, administration clerk in the

Surrogate's office, is a sportsman, and one who has ideas of his own about sport. He has guns, He has tackle. He has rubber boots. He has canvas suits. But he has no dog.
"I wouldn't mind paying six shillings or a dollar for a dog," says Mr. Wolf, "but I hate to pay \$3 for a brass collar to put on him."

So he humps along on his sporting career without a dog; but it doesn't make a bit of difference to him. He gets there just the same.

"There's no use for a dog when you go fishing." he says, "and my experience has been that when you go hunting the dog scares all the game away. I sicked a dog on a deer once and the dog couldn't come any ways near catching it, and a man that stood somewhere along where the deer ran had to shoot it or it would have got away."

Mr. Wolf does most of his sporting up in the Adirondacks, in the Paul Smith neighborhood, "But, pshaw!" says Mr. Wolf. "Half the folks that go up there and make a big show about how to be sportsmen. They've got no ideas. They're not original. I guess I showed 'em a few things when I was up there last season. They're talking yet about the way I caught the big trout. I wouldn't have caught that trout if I had kept in the beaten path of sport the way they follow it up there. But I had ideas, and the trout had to surrender.

" Everybody had been trying to get that trout for a good while, for he was a big fellow, I guess more than a thousand different kinds of flies had been tried on him, but he turned up his nose at them ali. I chucked a couple o' dozen at him myself, but he was even disdainful of my skill. If I hadn't had ideas I'll bet a hundred that that trout 'd be up there yet, just as sassy and impudent as ever.

"One day I sat down and thought. You may know that I must have been determined when I sat down and thought, for my vacation was short, and it takes a good deal of time to think, A man on his vacation hates to waste much time in thinking. But I was determined and I sat down. And pretty soon I got the right idea. "'It isn't flies that trout wants,' says I, 'its worms. And I'll just step out of the beaten

path and feed him some." So I got a good stiff fish pole and a strong line and book and dug some worms. But I want to tell you this wasn't the only idea I got hold of

while I was sitting down and thinking.
"'Wild ducks feed on trout the worst way,' says I. 'They eat whole schools of trout. This is the trout season, says I, and consequently this must be the season for wild ducks." "It isn't at all likely that any one ever thought

of that before. This beaten path in sport, I tell you, I will play hob with it yet. "'So,' says I, 'what's the matter with me

fetching down a few ducks while I'm getting that big trout? 'Nothing,' says I. "I didn't have any ducking gun, but a little thing like that needn't worry a sportsman with member now what I had that 10-bore shot gun

"I didn't have any ducking gun, but a little thing like that needn't worry a sportsman with ideas. I had a 10-bore shotgun. I don't remember now what I had that 10-bore shot gun for, but I had it, and I loaded both barrels with duck shot. Some queer folks might say: 'Well, if you didn't have any ducking gun, what did you have duck shot. For?' Bon't you know there's lots o' folks that d' ask just such a foolish question as that? Now, s'pose I hadn't had the duck shot? I couldn't have loaded that 10-bore shotgun with 'em, then, could I? Well, that's what I had that duck shot for, if any-body should interrogate you on the subject.'
"Well, I loaded my gun, took my worms and my tackle, and went out to get the trout, and incidentally some ducks. I sat down on the bank, chucked my hook, balted with the nicest, fattest, wigglingest gob of worms that ever a trout had the chance of his life to set his teeth in. I held my gun in my lap, and kept one eye peeled for ducks, and the other one on guard so I'd be ready to yank the big trout when he came and got the worms. Quite a little time went by, and no ducks came down to eat trout, and no trout came up to eat worms.

"Can't be, can it, says!, that some duck has come along here and tackled the big trout? If one has, bow'm I going to know whether the duck swallowed the trout or the trout swallowed the duck, I ft the duck swallowed the duck, I ft the duck swallowed the duck, I ft have all he wants to eat for a couple of days, and won't be along this way to-day so! can shoot him. If the trout has swallowed the duck, the chances are that he won't have any appetite for worms to-day, and I won't get the trout. This isan unforeseen dilemman"says!.

"I concluded to fill my pipe and sit down and think it over. I stood my gun against a tree right behind me and set my pole. I was just ramming the tobacco in my pipe when up and down my pole began to bob, and swish, swash, through the wash strong, the hook was strong, the line was strong, in the large with the word of the trout of the t

To Bar Out Cigarettes from Missouri. From the Kansas City Times.

From the Eausis City Times.

JEFFRISON CITY, Mo., Jan. 15.—Senator Love will introduce his cigarette bill to-morrow. The bits bridge just four hours after entering ex. It was low water on the bar, and, will introduce his cigarette bill to-morrow. The will provide that any one dealing in cigarettes or cigarette wrappers shall pay a State license of the party fell overboard into the loy Arriving at the launch, this unfortunate be roughly attended in the aparty fell overboard into the loy arriving at the launch, this unfortunate be roughly should be appeared blankets until the party fell one ween blankets until the country license cannot be applied that the county license cannot be applied that the county license cannot be applied that the party fixed then the following the bar out the sale of cigarettes from the State. He has received letters from almost every head of the clucational institutions in the State, as well as the tobacco dealers, commending the light and praying for its passage. From present appearances the measure will undoubtedly pass the Senate.

LON STARKEY OF RED TAIL.

HANGED THEER TIMES, BUT SIILL

FULL OF FIGHT.

Me mays me Comes from the fafernal Rections, and Has Made People Melters It—
Butes of Conduct that Mave Made
Him Respected in the Indian Country.
Four Still, O.T., Jan. 21.—There is a man
who roams where he pleases throughout the
Indian rountry, who has been string up by the
neck and left for dead three times, who has
been shot seven times, who has killed five men
with records and lots of unknown;—who has
been married according to Indian custom eight
times, who has been tried in counts of law
eleven times, who has been tried in counts of law
eleven times, who has been an outlaw as well as a
deputy marshal, who was tied to a stump on a
rocky bluff to die, and who is to-day none the
worse for the wear and tear which has been
this forty years of life.

The name of this man is Lon Starkey, Every
one out there calls him Starkey of Red Tail, Red
Tail is the name of his ranch, situated far up in
the ranges of the Medicine Mountains. This
ranch has been the scene of numberless fights
and the name of his ranch, situated far up in
the ranges of the Medicine Mountains. This
ranch has been the scene of numberless fights
and the name of his ranch, situated far up in
the ranges of the Medicine Mountains. This
ranch has been the scene of numberless fights
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and the name of his ranch, situated far up in
the ranges of the Medicine Mountains. This
ranch has been the scene of numberless fights
and the name of his ranch, or whether the ranch is
notorious because of its owner. Starkey's
residence is a dugont, dug in as hard soil
as can be found in the Southwest.

When he isat home he fastens a red steer's tail
to a pole stuck in the ground beside the door of
the dugout. When he is away there is a single
steer's horn on top of the pole. All settlers understand that when the steer's horn is displayed.

steer's horn on top of the pole. All settlers understand that when the steer's horn is displayed they must stay away. If the red tail is up all

are welcome, even to a blanket Indian. Starkey disappears at times for four and five months. His prowess is so deeply respected that none molests his possessions. It is related that a Cheyenne Indian plundered the dugout in Starkey's absence, thinking Starkey would not return for some time. Starkey turned up just in time to catch the Indian redhanded. He shot him dead, scalped him, and for many months the scalp lock dangled from the steer's horn when Starkey was away. Starkey threw it away when he became a deputy marshal.

No one knows where Starkey came from. In 1886 a Switzer county cow puncher got curious in Pender Brown's saloon in Henrietta. He and Starkey were drinking together. "Where did you come from?" he asked

Starkey. Lon was in the act of raising a glass of whiskey

to his lips.
"Hell," he said slowly, putting his glass on the bar untouched. Then drawing a pistol be said, as he fired: "Go there and wait for me. It will save asking questions." He shot the puncher through the head, turned

o the bar and emptied his glass, nodded to Pender Brown, and went out.
"Serves the puncher right," was the Henrietta verdict. "He had no right to ask questions, es-

pectally of Lon Starkey."

Starkey, in the opinion of peaceful citizens, told the punchers the truth about his home.

"Not much," said others. "He made too game a fight."
"Plant him."
"Plant hell." voted the crowd.
"Scorch him."
Again the crowd disapproved.
"Hang him."
I'n to this time Starkey had lain quiet and motionless. He looked up.
"That's the stuff." he said. "Hang me, Give me a show. String me up and stand by to see I hang fair. If I get out, let me go. If I don't, let me hang."
This proposition seemed fair to the crowd, and Perry favored it strongly. It was agreed that Starkey should be tied hand and foot and hoisted on the alsoulders of four men while a lariat was put around his neck and made fast to the big rafter in Poter's feed shed. When Starkey gave the word his four supports were to apring aside and let him dangle by the rope. If he managed to get out, all right; if not, he should hang. This programme was carried out. Starkey was bound and hanged to the rafter.
"Good-by, Starkey," said Perry.
Starkey grinned.
"Skin out," he said suddenly.
The four men lumped aside, taken by surprise. As they did so Starkey threw forward his bound feet, striking one of them full on the head and knocking him prostrate. The head, however, gave him the necessary footing, and with a tremendous effort he swung upward, threw his legs over the rafter, and hung head down. The crowd yelled with delight. Slowly Starkey worked along the rafter to where the rope was ited. Reaching it he began to gnaw at the knot ited a foot below the rafter to where the rope was ited. Reaching it he began to gnaw at the knot ited a foot below the rafter, and Starkey chewed frantically. The knot was tough but gradually it hegan to yield. At length he cheweif it out, the rope fell from the rafter, and Starkey chewed frantically. The knot was tough but gradually it began to yield. At length he cheweif it out, the rope fell from the rafter, and Starkey chewed frantically. The knot was tough but gradually it began to yield. At length he cheweif it out, the tur

THE BARBER'S COLLECTION. Clippings From the Hair and Beards of

Famous Men of His Day. "I read in the newspapers the other day," said

the learned French barber, "of a gentleman who died leaving a wonderful collection of butterflies. It was said to be worth more than \$30,000. My! My! That is a good deal of money-150,000 francs. With that, madame and I could live in Paris. I wonder what I could get for my collection? I assure you it is more unique than that of this gentleman." "Collection?" repeated the Harlem doctor incredulously. "I never knew that you were an

"What is that, monsiour?"

"Why, one skilled in the science of insects."

"Oh, I see. No, I know nothing of insects, un-less snails come under that head. You misunderstand, monsieur. I did not say I had a col lection of insects." Oh, well, what does your collection consist

hair in this hand mirror, monsieur. Short enough behind? Yes? It is magnificent, monsieur. Your bald spot is not so noticeable when I trim the hair that way. Will you have anything on? No? Well, a little twist of the moustache? Oui? Francols, bring me the curl-While Francols was testing the irons mousieu

The track and empired only "Servers the puncher right," was the Henrists verdict. "He had no right to ask questions, especially of the Starkey," in the opinion of posecrit cliums, and the starkey in the opinion of posecrit cliums, and the starkey in the opinion of posecrit cliums. They leave the brought many evidences of his home life with him. He has been in the South west for over worty years. He was beated in the Naided Pinn, and whol fold Coffin, who read a server had the starkey them. They read and had been to the starkey them, and whol fold Coffin, who read a server had been to the starkey them. They read had been the starkey them, and whol fold Coffin, who read a server had been the starkey them. They read had been the starkey them the starkey them. They read the objects of his comprision. Six months also makes a starkey in the starkey them to stark the starkey the starkey them to stark the starkey the starkey the starkey them to stark the starkey the

except one which was lying on the ground wounded. I went to the place and picked the except one which was lying on the ground wounded. I went to the place and picked the wounded bird up and found that its left leg had been broken by the shot. Taking the crow to the hut I amputated the leg and taking a hot coal from the fire I burned the stump so that it would not bleed. The bird was then allowed to go at liberty, but instead of leaving the vicinity of the camp it hung around and the boys would feed it with crumbs from the table, and it became outlet tame. It would come impring into camp just like a veteran after his pension. "At about meal time the crow could be expected at first, but at last its visits became more frequent. One of the boys hinted that the bird we were feeding was not the victim of my gun shot and in investigating this theory we found out what a great deserver the crow is. 'I'd the alley leading to the shot where the bird had been in the habit of receiving its food there hopped one day a fine black crow. There was nothing about the bird to show that it was not the same one that had been the object of our bounty so long. It had only one leg so far as we could see.

"I'll bet that and see, says Charley, and away he burried and returned with his gun. It shising it and taking careful aim he fired and the bird had two legs as good and sound as any bird flying. When it had come into our camp it had introduced an examination and sure enough the bird had involved and come into our camp it had hitched the other up under its wing so as to deceive us and securing food. It must have watched us feeding the wounded bird and saw an opportunity of securing food by invitating that one. All crows are so near alike there is no identifying one, and the only way we knew ours was by the one leg. When such a clever imitator attacked us we were hadly fooded. I do not know what became of the real wounded bird, It

RHEUMATISM.

The Sure Cure is Dr. Greene's Nervura. Weak Kidneys, Weak Nerves, and Poor Blood Always Accompany Rheumatism. They Can All Be Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.



NATHAN G. BATCHELDER.

With rheumatism come weak kidneys, weak nerves, poor blood. Weak kidneys mean death, because they lead to serious kidney diseases, which always kill. The symptoms are weak back, pain in the back, bloating, muddy water, tired and languid feeling, gas in the stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, headache, dimness of vision, dryness of ekin, and nervousness.

Just so surely as you have these symptoms your gidneys are out of order and yan need the one sure cure, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Try a bottle and see how quickly those symptoms will vanish. It cures rheumatism, a most dangerous complaint, for it leads to fatal heart disease. Mr. Nathan G. Batchelder of Hardwick, Vr., writes:

"Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and it was "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "Ayear ago I was badly bloated, and I twas "I was the most remarkable case they had ever known, to have me come up the way I did. My case is widely known.

"I can recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as the best medicine I am greatly improved.

"Now all my bloat is gone, and I am as well of that as ever. My rheumatism is practically gone, and my stomach is sound and digests my food perfectly, and I sleep soundly. The doctor who treated me did me no good, and he said wood not live at most many to have the ago who they had ever known, to have me come up the way I did. My case is widely known.

"I can recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as the best medicine I am greatly improved.

"Now all my boat is gone, and I am as well of that as ever. My rheumatism is practically gone, and it was over. My rheumatism is practically gone, and I am as well of that as ever. My rheumatism is prac nerves, poor blood. Weak kidneys mean death, because they lead to serious kidney diseases, because they lead to serious actiney measure, which always kill. The symptoms are weak back, pain in the back, bleating, muddy water, tired and languid feeling, gas in the stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, headache, dimness of vision, dryness of skin and nervousness.

loss of appetite, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, headache, dimness of vision, dryness of skin, and nervousness.

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"A year ago I was badly bloated, and it was said I was going to die with the dropsy. I commenced taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. At that time I was a sight to behold. My usual weight was 1th pounds, but I then weighed 185 pounds from bloating. I also had rheumatism so that I could not get into a sleigh or wagon, and was best over badly. My stomach was so bad that I could not digest my food, and it pained me a good deal. It had been in this condition for seven years before I began to take Dr. Greene's medicine, but since taking it I can eat as hearty meal as anybody. I have not been out for eight winters until this winter, but this winter I have been out constantly, and took care of my horse and have driven frequently. After I got out many of my friends del not know me I was so changed and lookel so well.

"For years I only ate one slice of bread in one

so well.

"For years I only ate one slice of bread in one day and drank one or two cups of tea, which was all I could eat and I sometimes suffered from that.

"I was about as bad a used up man as ever

TWO HAWAIIAN COMMISSIONERS.

One Picaned Cleveland, and His Career Is Ended; the Other Didn't. From the Washington Evening Star. As the politicians see it, the most interesting and instructive phase of this whole Hawniian business relates to the lack of judgment shown by the President in his choice of special commissioners to the islands, and to the fortunes that have befallen the two men since their

return home.

Mr. Blount, as is well remembered, had just concluded twenty years of honorable and useful service in the House of Representatives, and had retired to his home in Georgia for a rest. He was expected to appear in politics again, either as a candidate for Governor or Senator, and it was conceded that when he did he would

and it was conceded that when he did he would prove a formidable in the An able though prove a formidable in the An able though of atty, there was every reason, indeed, why his people should expect further public service from him. Mr. Cleveland's call found him setting his old house at Macon in order. He came to Washington at once, heard Mr. Cleveland started for Honolulu. It was not generally understood then just what the Hawaiian case was, or there would have been suggestions made to the President about Mr. Hount, and suggestions made to Mr. Blount about where his errand would be likely to land him.

The President would have been told that the business called for a trained hand, and that in matters of diplomacy Mr. Blount was wholly without training of any kind. His one term as Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs had not come to him in the line of promotion, or for any reason denoting especial fitness for the committee's work, but only for the reason that a colleague had drawn the speaker-ship prize. Mr. Blounts work in Congress hat all related to domestic affairs postal. Herritoria, Clais he had been a valuable factor in the Speakership light, and was now on the eve of retiring from the House, the important appointment to the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs was bestowed upon him. The preparation and the passage of two routine appropriation bills for the support of the diplomatic and consular service had compansed the whole of his directing participation in diplomatic business. And yet he was chosen to execute a commission delicate and important enough, as has since plainly been demonstrated, to have commission delicate and important enough, as has since plainly been demonstrated, to have commission delicate and important enough, as has since plainly been demonstrated, to have commission delicate and important enough, as has since plainly been demonstrated, to have commission delicate and owe confronted him. He was bround of it. He was holding, with his party substrates in description

swer any inquiries about my case, but for seven years I could not write my name I was so trembly."

Mr. H. R. Kimball, druggist, of Hardwick, says: "I knew of Mr. Nathan G. Batchelder's remarkable case, and the statement is true."

It cures quickly and permanently rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver disease, and makes good blood and strong nerves. Every-where, acknowledge Dr. Greene's Nervural blood and nerve remedy to be the greatest known cure for disease. People who take it get well.

Why waste time in trying uncertain and untried remedies, when here is a physician's prescription, a discovery made by the greatest living specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. Dr. Greene's direct professional care, and you can consult him or write to him about your case, freely and without charge. This is a guarantee that this remedy will cure, possessed by no other medicine in the world.

well, and has fixed his name securely, it is thought, in the public esteem for all time. It is observed that the difference in the execution of the two commissions makes a striking exception to a long-established rule. The thoughtful, reflective civilian has long been set up against the plain, blunt, impetuous soldier or sailer for the adjustment of difficulties. But in this case the civilian lost and the sailor won. Mr. Blount, slavishly obeying orders, not only misled himself, but the President as well. Admiral Walker, taking a little liberty with his orders, was able to see things so clearly that he has not only increased his reputation as an American sailor, but made some reputation as a prophet.

Respective Difficulties of Landladies and Unprotected Females.

Bet Ave A and B. There is a man always always sick, to bed (gotta, strong reumatisme)

If you pless Help him—

protected female to get a room or rooms in an unquestionable neighborhood," said the school teacher, "but now it is almost impossible to do so. You are stopped at the very outset of your search by the sign, 'Rooms to Rent-for Gentlemen Only,' a sign, by the by, that is steadily growing in the frequency of its appearance all over the city. A girl friend of mine came in from the country last week to study shorthand, and she told me that some of her experiences in trying to get a room were most mortifying. In some places she was put through a catechism that was either insulting or laughable, she said, just as she was in a mind to reable, she said, just as she was in a mind to regard it; in other places she was told point blank that she could only be admitted with references; while it seemed to her that all the neatest houses presented the warning announcement I have spoken of. 'For Gentlemen Only,' "My friend's story struck me so forcibly that I repeated it to my landlady, and asked her if she imagined the experience was an unusual one. 'No, my dear,' she said-you know I have been with her five years-'I do not think it was. You see, we have got to be very careful about admitting single women into our houses. We have always had to be, but we are obliged to be especially so now since the recent moral housecleaning, for it stands to reason that a woman has got to have shelter, no matter how bad she is, and harrying her out of one place doesn't put her out of existence. That's one reason why we have to be especially careful just now.

"Another reason is that so many young girls and women are pouring into New York to try to carn a living onto study something that will give them a start-just like your friend, my dear-and economy is such a necessity with them that they are driven into little tricks of light housekeeping, and that's something we don't like. We put up with it when it is nanaged with exceptional neamess, when it is very light, or when there is perhaps one case of the kind in the house; but when it comes to every room being turned into an ammeter kitchen and the house smelling like a combination of vabbage, coffee, and coal oil, why then it's about time to stop the whole thing. It has got so that every time we see a weman's trunk come into the house we wonder whether if contains a coal-oil shove, a spirit lamp and chaffing dish, or a cast-from heater and a rubber gard it; in other places she was told point blank

trunk come into the house we wonder whether it contains a cont-oil stove, a spirit lamp and chafing dish, or a cast-iron heater and a rubber pipe for tapping our gas jet. I say we because I have spoken to other (and indies on the subject, and we are all of the same opinion.

"Lastly, woman though I am. I must say that men make much more desirable roomers. They don't complain, except under extreme provocation: they don't receive visitors, except at very rare intervals, and they are only in their rooms to sleet except on Sundays or when they

Ambiguity that Evoked a timile.

The friends of Admiral Walker would have thought very little of him if, with the case as it atood, with the flag and the action of Capt. Wiltes both involved, he had gone to Hawah, divested himself of all his training and prejudices as an American sallor, and have tried it and made report upon it as bloodlessly and unsympathetically as a lawyer or politician, or a compound of both. He could not, it is asserted, forget that the navy, through the action of the Captain of the Boston, stood assailed by the Administration's friends almost as assagely as the actions of Minister Stevens, and that American interests and repulation were at stake all around. The report he did make has met with the enthusiastic approval not only of his fellow officers of the navy, but of the whole country as

Odd and Pathetle Letters Received by a Reiter Scelety in This City. A searcher for the curious in literature has only to gain access to the files of one of the relief societies to find plenty of matter-grave,

TO THE HEART.

APPEALS FOR CHARITY.

gay, pathetic, and indicrous. The specimens given below are verbatim extracts from appeals for aid received by an association in this city, but much is lost when they appear in plain type. In some instances wonderful capital letters are dashed into the middle of a sentence, as if necessary to the ornamentation of a page, or to add weight and effect, and they make the document interesting in a way not to be described. Every variety of stationery and handwriting under the sun is represented. Some letters show careful nicety of wording and spelling, while others are written with an utter disregard for all order and straight lines. One who had evidently ventured on the sea of correspondence without rudder or compass wrote: "I ante prod an yer may gimmy wot yure minter the lord luvs a cherefull givenr i ante had a new dres sens i can ree-membur an my shus ante fit fur a dorg to ware." Another, after stating that he had been unfortunate in business, but was confident be could reach the height of success if he had a peddler's outfit, made the following summary:
"I don't look upon being poor as the crime some does. Paul plants Apollos waters: its God which gives the increase. My standard of piety is high, and with a little stock of thinware, and say \$1.25 for incidentals, and the grace of God.

which gives the increase. My standard of plety is bigh, and with a little stock of tinware, and say \$1.25 for incidentals, and the grace of God, I can succeed."

The rules of orthography and grammar are not so trivial as some would have people believe. The lack of dignity and connection in the following should slake the faith of the warmest advocate of phonetic spelling and a general go-as-you-please style. The writer asked for a loan of money, and, after lamening that one he had trusted had caused his insolvency, added: "etch wun must look out fore thare selfs of a man gose white sever thay think best thay soone cum to grefe an as he repesso thay runst so."

Another made the announcement: "Please secuse me for again writing to you. You have been a good friend to me in the past and would try to remain so. I want work. That last place was N. G. The boss considered me an intemperate. I can safely say that since I came into this world, as a drink, a medicine, or a beverage liquor of no kind ever passed my lips."

A long talle of wor with an outstretched hand and "tive give" easily seen between the lines ended in this way: "I would be pleased to keep the wolf from the door, but his will be done hastily in his name." The free and ignorant use of the beautifully significant motto. "In His Name," the irreverent handling of what is most sacred, often destroys, as in this case, the pathos of appeals that might otherwise awaken the desired sympathy. A card presented on one occasion by a man known to be a disreputable beggar bore on one side the name of one much interested in missions and special revival seasons, on the other this recommendation:

"The beare,"—one of the Lord's anointed, is looking for work. He has waded through the mire of sin, but now sees the error of his ways. He would be glad of wood sawing or street sweeping." The man had evidently waded to a saloon on his journey, for when the card was presented he was unable to stand straight, could not speak an intelligible word, and was so saturated with liquor

could not speak an intelligible word, and was so saturated with liquor that he was an offence to the atmosphere.

A little slip of paper, badly written, wretchedly spelled, stating "the barer is the widder of six childran," was presented by a man. Another handed in by a woman bore the legend, "Ann Brown is a widower. She is a decent, likely woman, a good Christian and scrubber. The Lord have mercy on you if you gives her a little charity." On one occasion an applicant for rehef had been asked for a reference, and gave as the name of a former employer. "Mr. Mike Horton." A note was sent to the latter asking if the applicant was a good worker, in a day or two the reply came, deliciously terse and pathy. On the back of the request sent out was scrawled. "Hes a ded bete." No preface; no finis. Could anything be more directly to the point? A second slip of paper was found in the envelope, reading in this way:

Yu spelt our name rong. Mike Order.

A Syrian grateful for temporary relief wroter

the envelope, reading in this way:
Yu spelt our name rong. Mike Onder.
A Syrian grateful for temporary relief wrote:
"I am very glad to see you taking care of me more than I lave for myself. I am full of your kindness, emotion, and teeling, the dejection of my heart repeat thanks for your benevolence."
Another wrote: "It is my wise desire that you have pity with me for presenting myself to you. I am told you are on the aid of improving people without exception of nation. It is my wish to explanate that I find it too hardly to get work. I am crippled of my leg, and am forbid the running over the city, but the place of a stool within the banking house or office would give to me joy. I have acquired without difficulty the language and writing, the way you will imagine in this letter. I am uttering since yesterday I am foodlers. I would desire the good of your heart to save me."

in this letter. I am uttering since yesterday I am foodless. I would desire the good of your heart to save me."

A foreigner who shirked work habitually and exhibited energy only in appealing for aid, was told to call for a ticket to the v oxlyard. He wrote the following day making all manner of excuses for not accepting the work. A portion of his letter ran as follows: "I will be going to that woodpile too many times. It is too far a distance, it is too expensible to go by the tram road, and I must be too savable as to ride. I was too cold in my lacket as to be running all over to-day." Another, who complained that a fellow beggar had been better treated than he, and did not deserve certain benefits received, sent a letter of warning, saving: "He is a machine to swindle. He is a fraudist. In his stocking he has money. He has plumed himself with the feathers of a bird not his own."

Withholding only the name and address, the following is are exact copy of a rossial sent out by a poor Italian, whose appeal was a cenuing one, and whose wants were promptly helped:

bet Ave A and B, There is a man

non speak well—not my God!

An old womar who had an equal horror of the peorhouse and the hospital wrote of the former;
They don't do nothing but sass you and make you feel mean," and of the latter. "They get you in there and cut you upjust to sharpen their knives on your bones!"
An applicant after being duly questioned as to references and character and finally directed to one who would be likely to hire him, replied he would think shout it. The next morning he sent to the office the following: "Before committing myself to the genticman in question, I would like to inquire if these charitable societies work both ways. I know they enable the rich to discover the real claims of the poor and so protect themselves from swindlers, but I would like to know if through this agency the real character of the rich can be known for the protection of the poor? With regard to this gentleman who wants me to make myself useful to him, what is his religion? Does he speculate in Wall street? Is he likely to ray me for my work, or to skip the country with funds intrusted to him, and leave me fairh and dry? Is he strictly temperate, and can his last servant recommend him? If these points can be satisfactorily answered I may be plant to apply for the situation."

An appeal to one of the most unapproachable

recommend him? If these points can be satisfactorily answered I may be glad to apply for the situation."

An appeal to one of the most unapproachable of the Four Hundred contained this sentence: "I never had a pair of kid gloves in my life, and if I had a muft I think I'd faint. Last year I wrote to Mrs. "mentioning a lady prominent in society, "and she sent me So and no questions asked. The's a born lady, kind and chaythable, and don't begrudge the honest poor a penny. Our lodge is going to have a dance, and my Flossis needs a dress to wear. Anything you've worn and got sick of will please us, and if you've got an old pair of white slippers she'd set her eves by them. Your foot may be a trifle slimmer than hern, but I recken she could wear them, so they ame tran new. She'll be awful pleased, and if you'll send her 20 cents for paper and ribbin she'll make you a pink handy shade, such as is all the fashion, and can't be bought for less than 89 cents. She's awful handy, and 'twon't take her no time."

Pussy's Long Ride in a Flywheel, From the Roston Daily Globe.

Transition Party Globe.

Havennin, Jan. 22. A cut was chased into the flywheel at Chase & Lambham's engine room Manday morning, and while there the power was put on and the cat was carried round with the whiel for five hours, travelling 154 miles. When the wheel was stopped the cat came back apparently inharmed, though covered with great and dist. The animal had ching to a projection on the inside of the wheel, which saved her from being thrown out.

